

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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A WAR OF HUMANITY

THAT which is happening now on the other side of the Atlantic is no longer a struggle in which classes or nations alone are interested. All mankind is interested in the result of this struggle.

It is no longer a capitalistic war, or an imperialistic war, or a nationalistic war. It is a war of humanity.

It is a war between the Middle Ages and the twentieth century, between feudalism and democracy, between reaction and progress, between darkness and light. The war was not such at the beginning. It has become what it is lately. It is possible that those that play the leading role in this struggle do not understand it. The Kaiser and Hindenburg evidently do understand it; they are fighting for the darkness of the Middle Ages. Otherwise they would not have carried on the war with such enthusiasm. The statesmen of the other side are beginning to see this. President Wilson seems to understand best of all that the allies are fighting against the dark forces of medievalism.

To a war that has assumed such a character only weak theorists, peanut politicians, and narrow-minded egotists can remain neutral. Living beings, men and women who think, must take a stand for the Germans or against them. And thoughtful people can take only one stand: Down with the military and autocratic beast of Germany and Austria. And one program: War until the twentieth century is victorious over the Middle Ages, until Democracy has shattered imperialism, until progress has crushed reaction, until light has drowned the darkness. And until the human race has been made secure forever against feudalism, reaction and darkness, all—without regard to classes and parties—must stand united and fight on the side of progress. Democracy is light. Progress is in danger. The future of the human race is at stake. To look down upon this gigantic struggle, at such a time from philosophic heights and quibble or even condemn both sides alike is more than idiocy. It is criminal.

And in such a time Victor Berger, of Wisconsin, declares that if he is elected to the United States senate he will demand that our country withdraw its armies from Europe. We have no doubt, but that he earnestly means it just as Scheidemann earnestly means what he says, just as the chatterer Trotzky earnestly means what he says. But to withdraw the American army from Europe at this moment means to help the German junkers drown the democracies of France, England and Italy in blood, and finally, when they will have made away with these, to put back Nicholas Romanov on the Russian throne. Who can fail to understand this now? Everyone now admits that if this government had not entered the war a year ago, then it would have to do so now.

Are the Socialists standing outside the human race? Can they win when the human race loses? Do the Socialists expect to initiate the Socialist order in heaven and not upon the earth? And when the whole civilized world lies under the heel of the German junkers, do the Socialists expect to establish democracy and brotherhood under the foot of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg?

GRAY, YOU'RE A SCOUNDREL

UNITED STATES MARSHAL A. B. GRAY and his son, his deputy, are now out of their jobs. Gray will probably continue to issue his "religious weekly," but how about the husky young man? The Bonanza expects to hear from him soon from "somewhere in France." A. B. is such an heroic fighter with the pen that the militant spirit should run in the family. But as to A. B.'s prohibition propaganda, why does he continue to run booze ads in his paper? All right, Gray, that's all the mean things we can think about you this morning, and we've kicked the dog and rocked the cat and spit on the sidewalk and turned to the left in full view of a policeman and are sore at everybody and have a chip on our shoulder, and we are picking on you and it's all because you're under-sized and we have the grippe, and we don't care whether you like it or not.

A. E. I. O. U.

OVER four and a quarter centuries ago Frederick III, Holy Roman emperor and fifth Duke of Austria, originated the phrase "Austriac Est Imperare Orbi Universo," or "It is Austria's destiny to rule the entire world," and adopted the initials of the Latin words as his favorite device. Subsequent rulers of Austria have continued to have the initials A. E. I. O. U. engraved on their toilet articles, note paper, and cigarette cases in token of the high estate to which Austria some day expects to rise. If Frederick III. had been a good English scholar, however, and had been given the opportunity to observe the gay and carefree manner in which Germany is preparing to swallow the dual monarchy, he would have interpreted the letters A. E. I. O. U. by the words Austria Ends in Overwhelming Upset, and eliminated all the nonsense about imperating the orbi.

"JOHN BARLEYCORN, MY FOE, JOHN"

WE are approaching a prohibition crusade. There is only about 160,000,000 gallons of whisky left in the United States and that is only a little over a gallon per capita. Miss Rankin has introduced a bill to cut down the brewery output 90 per cent by an interstate commerce regulation. Nevada is to vote on a constitutional amendment this fall. Ratification of the national constitution amendment is the goal of many workers. But in the face of it all comes news that 25,000 barrels of whisky have been shipped to Europe for medicinal purposes in the army, to relieve the fog in the trenches, and all on professional approval and advice.

The Bonanza doesn't argue strenuously in this prohibition movement, although it is opposed to the rights of the individuals being interfered with, but it wonders if good may be accomplished, or whether the people with their craving for stimulant, will not resort to vile compounds containing alcohol and thus find their

latter estate worse than the first. But prohibition is popular nowadays, just as is woman suffrage and bridge whist.

Prohibition causes the moonshiner to revel in prosperity and the bootlegger to wax fat and prosperous. It is an incentive to crime, as witness the court records of Inyo county, California, since it went "dry." It causes people, who would otherwise be loyal to the government, to seek to circumvent its mandates. Nevada will vote wet this fall and retain its self-respect.

INTERIOR OF ALASKA RELEASED FROM ICY FETTERS OF WINTER

(By Associated Press.)

SEATTLE, Wash., May 7.—Winter ice is melting rapidly on the Yukon river, the great 2100-mile summer highway of interior Alaska and the Yukon territory, according to reports reaching here from the north. The big river has been frozen since last fall. Dispatches are expected from Dawson, Y. T., any time stating the ice has jammed its way oceanward past the town, leaving the upper river clear for navigation. Once the long jagged ribbon of ice moves it piles and jams and bucks are roars its entire length. Often the ice will dam the river and back water up over the banks.

As soon as the Yukon is clear river steamboats will take to Dawson, Eagle, Circle, Ruby, Tanana, Fort Yukon and other river points the first fresh fruits and vegetables and other supplies the towns have received since last fall. During the winter dog trails over the packed snows afford the only means of reaching these inland points.

Ice generally leaves the upper river first and it is reported here there are long clear stretches already near White Horse, Y. T., the head of navigation. The last ice to go is generally in Lake Lebarge, an enlargement of the river below White Horse. No boats can reach Dawson from White Horse until the lake is open.

A few adventurous voyagers, in a hurry to get "inside" have already left White Horse for Dawson in small rowboats and launches. It is reported. They probably pushed their way through the clear water and mushy ice to Lebarge, dragged their boats thirty miles over its frozen surface, dropped into the swift run-

ning stretch of the river known as Thirty Mile, floated past Selkirk, shot the dangerous Five Finger and Rink rapids and continued on their way.

Steamboat men and fishermen along the river are preparing for the coming six months of open water and long summer days. The little stern wheel boats, which were dragged ashore last fall, are being put in shape for their summer task of chugging up and down the river and its tributaries and the floating wheel fish traps, idle since they were pulled from the freezing water six months ago are being overhauled for their work of scraping salmon from the river for the white men, Indians and dogs to eat.

The winter just closing has been probably the most severe in the history of Dawson and the Yukon country. Around Christmas time an epidemic of pneumonia swept Dawson and claimed a score of victims. The snow was the heaviest on record, being packed twelve feet deep near the town. At one point, Pelly, near Dawson, the thermometer registered eighty-six degrees below zero in January.

Wagers are made at Dawson on the exact time the ice will break. Pools are made up of sixty entries, each better placing his money on the minute of the hour he thinks the ice will move. The winner takes the entire sixty bets. The break in the river is chronicled by the ringing of a gong in front of the Northern Commercial company's store in the heart of Dawson. The gong is attached by a rope to a stake set in the ice and it rings when the ice moves.

NEVADA PIONEER GROWS REMINISCENT

In a recent issue of the San Diego Union there appears an extended witticism of Col. David H. Jackson, father of Mrs. Harry H. Atkinson of Tonopah, together with a splendid picture of the 86-year-old pioneer in western attire. Colonel Jackson was an old Comstocker and a pioneer of Tonopah, where he assisted in organizing the MacNamara Mining company. The colonel is now a resident of La Jolla, Cal. A portion of the write-up follows:

With his brothers Colonel Jackson left Clyde, O., and in five months and twenty-seven days trekked it to California on foot and with wagon. At Skull Creek, Neb., the Indians, protesting the invasion of their domain by the ambitious whites, killed the Jackson herd of cows and fired some futile flights of arrows and rounds of lead slugs at the herdsmen.

On Kanaka creek, Sierra county, California, young Dave Jackson came to a halt, and declared that he was going to go to mining, though of mining he knew no more than a bear knows of purling. Young Jackson's first pan of dirt netted him \$18. At the end of the third day he had \$200, and at the end of the week, \$1500.

Thereafter for sixty years Colonel Jackson mined, prospected, was superintendent of mines in Nevada, California, Colorado, Alaska, was once a millionaire, was twice a millionaire, only to see these fortunes swept away by the hand of the jade, Fate, dealing her little game called "face-fully" the equity and justice of law.

Colonel Jackson worked side by side with John W. Mackay, saw Lucky Baldwin pry out a ninety-six-pound nugget worth \$13,000, and had once in his employ in a mine in Idaho George Juneau, for whom, later, the city of Juneau, Alaska, was named.

Also, personally, intimately, Colonel Jackson knew Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Dan de Quill, Judge C. C. Goodwin, John Hayes Hammond and Sam Davis, the last of the jesters. In that remote day Mark Twain, a reporter on the Virginia City Enterprise, lived in a little cabin with Dan de Quill, also a reporter. Then, as it is now, and ever shall be, those disciples of the pen were church mouse poor. Wealth, indicated in this day by the amount of butcher's paper that finds itself in the ash can's discard, in that was revealed by the number of empty tin cans nestling about the cabin door. Tinned foods were luxuries, and expensive. Dan de Quill and Mark Twain lived on bacon and beans, but as a means of saving their faces before the inquisitive regard of the neighbors, went privily forth at night, gathered up cans from the premises of the affluent and scattered them prodigally about the indigent stretches of their own back yard.

This is true and as here set forth, Mark Twain and Dan de Quill told it to Colonel Jackson, and he has told it to me.

Mark Sets Forth
 Mark Twain, with a soul for high emprise, decided to go to the Sandwich islands, gather material for a lecture, return to the states and peddle his talk for dollars. Goodwin, Colonel Jackson, Rolin M. Daggett, Charles de Longe, Bob Howland, Little Sam Hart and Dan de Quill, the latter, we suspect, giving his moral support, chipped in and bought Mark a \$200 watch and pre-

sented it to him, with a purse of gold.

Mark, taking his seat upon the stage with some pomp, his watch and his money in his pockets, set forth. The miners waved him good-bye, sped down a trail which cut the road some miles further on, covered their faces with bandana handkerchiefs, stuck up the stage and robbed Mark of his watch and his wad.

Dejected and disconsolate, Mark, at the first roadhouse, climbed down from the coach, so wretched and miserable over the prospect of relinquishing his journey that he even refused, it is chronicled, to take a drink with a bibulous miner. The following day, by Wells Fargo pony express, the watch and money were returned to Mark. Humorist that he was, it was ten solid years before Mark Twain could see and appreciate the fact that the episode had held anything of fun.

Argonauts Gone
 The steady, gray eyes of Colonel Jackson twinkled as he told this tale of the days gone by. Then his features softened. "They're gone," he said. "Pretty nearly all gone now—the Argonauts."

The vicissitudes of Colonel Jackson's career have been as far-flung as the Sierras, touching heights as exalted as their peaks, seeking depths as profound as their lowest canyons. And yet, having gazed for six and eighty years upon the vanities of life, his philosophy is still sweet and calm.

The man is a wonder, physically, mentally. Recently he climbed Soladad mountain, a shotgun over his shoulder, and hunted rabbits all day long. Every day or two he repairs to a spot on La Jolla cliffs, lets himself down over the edge with a rope to a shelf some feet below, from where, he says, the fishing is better. His face is young—yes, young; his eyes keen, and his hands are strong, capable hands, not wrinkled, but firm, purposeful.

"Your cabin is neat and snug, colonel, you have everything you want; not so bad when one's time has come to retire."

"Retire the devil," he replied with some heat. "See that letter? I'm going next week into the mountains of Nevada to examine a mining property for a company."

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BLAZE STARTS IN A BIG PACKING HOUSE

(By Associated Press.)

ST. LOUIS, Mo., May 7.—A general alarm of fire was sent late yesterday afternoon in an effort to check a fire which started in a warehouse of the Independent Packing company in the warehouse and elevator district of North St. Louis and which is being fanned northward by a hard wind.

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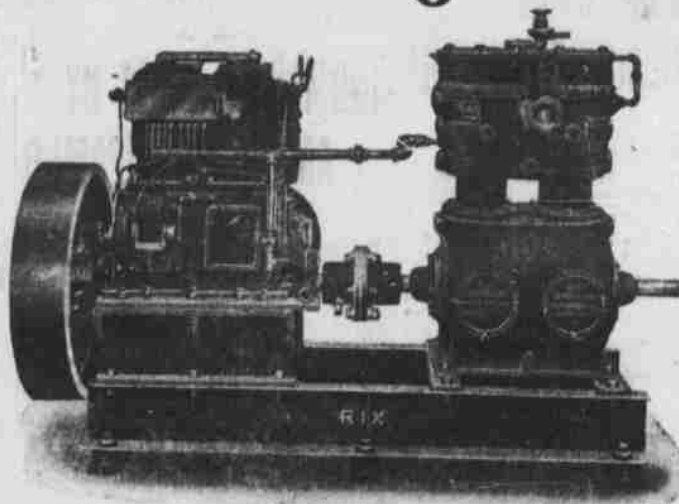
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